

# Sonoma Bay Express

VOL. III.

SONOMA, SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, MAY 10, 1901.

NO. 17.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

EPISCOPAL SERVICES—Episcopal services will be held in the San Luis school house the first Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock a. m. W. L. Clark, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. Sidney R. Yarrow, Pastor. Services: Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. S. C. E. service at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesdays at 2:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor meeting Fridays at 3:15 p. m. Ladies Aid Society and Missionary Society meet the second Tuesday of each month.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. C. L. Peterson, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. on Sunday.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—On Sunday, May 13th, mass will be celebrated in St. Francis Church at 8:30 a. m. and on the same day at Glen Ellen at 10:30 a. m. On Sunday, May 14th, mass will be said at Glen Ellen at 8:30 a. m. and in St. Francis Church at 10:30 a. m. In this way mass will be celebrated alternately in both places until further notice. Rev. J. Leaky, Rector.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. G. D. RICH

Physician and Surgeon  
OFFICE—Rooms 1, 2 and 3, Clowe Building.  
Office Hours—10 to 4 p. m.

H. W. GOTTENBERG, D. D. S.

Dentist

OFFICE—In Clowe Building, Sonoma, Cal.  
Office Hours—9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

DR. C. O. PERKINS

Dentist

Thorough Work. Very Latest Methods.  
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.  
OFFICE—Cor. Main and Washington streets.  
Residence corner Keller and Oak.  
PETALUMA, CAL.

ROBERT A. POPPE

Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public

OFFICE—East side of Plaza, Sonoma, Cal.

J. J. DUNBAR

DEALER IN—

Stoves and Tinware

Pumps, Windmills, Tanks. Plumbing and Jobbing of all kinds.

City Shoeing Shop.

FRED. C. POLSON, Prop.

All Horseshoeing Guaranteed.  
Lameness, Interfering and Forging prevented. Shop near Postoffice.

Eggs Wanted.

DODGE, SWEENEY & CO. of Petaluma are paying the highest-going price for all good Fresh White Eggs that are not washed. Ship or haul your eggs to them. Spot cash paid, and prompt returns on all shipments made.  
P. J. BLIM, Mgr.

Heated by steam throughout.

The Schwerdt House

24 Sixth St., San Francisco.

Mrs. F. Woodmansee, Proprietress.

Furnished Rooms, Single or En Suite.

BELLEVUE HOTEL

El Verano, Cal.

Hot Mineral Baths Near By.

A Strictly First-Class Hotel.

P. Gouailhardou, - Prop.

German Bakery

A. SCHWEICKHARDT.

Fresh Bread Every Day.

Choice Pies and Cakes always on hand at reasonable prices.

Broadway, - - - Near Plaza

SONOMA.

PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

Sterility Cured

—BY—

Mme. E. Sattler-Simon

French Graduated Midwife and Electrician.

Takes Ladies in Confinement. Nice home. Charges moderate.

Ask for

Sattler's Medical Wine

a fine tonic; pint bottle.

OFFICE:

1709 Powell Street, near Union

San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE HOURS—From 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.

M. F. Mullen

El Verano

The El Verano Store

Best Goods Lowest Prices

GEO. BREITENBACH

HARNESS

—AND—

BICYCLE GOODS.

Napa Street, - - - Sonoma.

GLEN ELLEN COLUMN.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

W. W. - Ellwood Camp, No. 487, meets the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Native Sons' Hall.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. Reed B. Cherrington, pastor. Services every Sunday at 8:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.

When in Glen Ellen

STOP AT THE

MERVYN: HOTEL.

A. E. Gaige & Son

BUTCHERS.

Glen Ellen Meat Market.

Runs wagons all over the country, and will treat you fair and square.

ESTABLISHED 1883.

CHAS. J. POPPE,

—DEALER IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Postmaster and Insurance Agent.

Country Produce Bought and Sold

Glen Ellen, California.

Portraits Free.

Painted from any Photo desired.

We have made arrangements to give to a limited number of our patrons

Oil Finished Photos.

Examine them at our store.

A. M. HARDMAN,

General Merchandise, Glen Ellen.

Verdi and Bismarck on Titles.

The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Comte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody.

Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him, he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenburg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation: "A pretty name! It will be handy for trailing incognito."

Some days after a parcel arrived at Varsin bearing the address "Mme. la Duchesse de Lauenburg."

Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically:

"Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

Where He Shone.

A Thesplan who spent several years trying to get beyond "the carriage awaits milord" station in first class Broadway productions was induced by his brother to join him in the dairy business in the City of Mexico. While on a business trip to this city recently he was buying new machinery and appliances for his prosperous Mexican creameries he met one of his former companions who was still struggling for an opportunity to "say lines." An exchange of confidences revealed the fact that the former actor was now making a snug fortune in the milk business, and his friend, the persevering player, remarked: "You're all right, Billy. You could never have shone in a theatrical way, but you are a star in a milky way."—New York Sun.

The Truth at Last.

"Oh, doctor, is it very dangerous to swallow cement?"  
"Very dangerous, indeed."  
"And gutta serena, doctor?"  
"Very serious."  
"And porcelaine—oh, doctor, is it very poisonous?"  
"Excuse me, madam; have you attempted suicide?"  
"No; I've swallowed one of my false teeth."—Pearson's.

Off Again, on Again.

"Very well," said she in a huff; "all is over between us. I'll thank you to return my letters."

"All right," said he; "I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning."

"Oh, there's no killing hurry! Suppose you—er—bring them with you when you call tomorrow evening."—Philadelphia Press.

## MOTTOES OF STATES.

HOW MANY OF THEM, WITH THEIR MEANINGS, DO YOU KNOW?

The Great Seal of the United States Was Designed by an Englishman. Who Also Suggested the Motto Adopted. "E Pluribus Unum."

If you desire to have fun with a learned acquaintance, ask him simple questions about his country, its history, financial condition, political divisions, geographical lines, climatology, topography, etc. Questions that any schoolboy can answer Dr. Knowall will stand clumsily over, often getting a bad fall. There is one question that I have never heard any answer—namely, "What are the mottoes of the several states of the Union and their meaning?" A clever man may name that of his own state and guess at those of three or four of the more important sister states, but he is unlikely to know the meanings of any that are in the original Latin. Try some able professor in a crowd and see him founder.

Ask the professor if he knows that the great seal of the United States was designed by an Englishman, Sir John Prescot, who also suggested the motto, "E Pluribus Unum." Our able men had failed to propose anything acceptable, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Lovell, Scott, Houston and others wasting nearly four years on the task. Franklin proposed Moses dividing the Red sea with this motto, "Rebellion Tyrants Is Obedience to God." Adams proposed the choice of Hercules and Jefferson the children of Israel in the wilderness. Doesn't it seem funny? Some of the suggested mottoes were "Bello vel Pace" (For War or Peace), "Semper" (Forever), "Deo Favente" (With God's Favor), "Virtus Sola Vincit" (Virtue Alone Invincible), etc. After six years the Englishman's device was adopted, and it yet remains the emblem of the United States.

If the professor is familiar with the obverse of the great seal, ask him what he has to say of the reverse, and the chances are 100 to 1 that he cannot recollect the unfinished pyramid, the eye in the triangle, the glory proper, the motto over the eye, "Annuit Cœptis" (God Has Favored the Undertaking), and the motto "Novus Ordo Seclorum" (A New Series of Ages). The obverse of the great seal, with its splendid eagle, the bundle of arrows, the olive branch, the 13 stripes, the 13 stars, the glory breaking from the clouds and the "E Pluribus Unum," is magnificently American, but the pyramid, the desert, the forbidding Egyptian sky and the eye in the triangle on the reverse are simply barbarous.

The great seal of the Confederacy by a strange arbitrament of fate was never used. It was made in England and reached Richmond about the time of its evacuation by the armies of the lost cause and the Confederate government. It cost in England about \$200, with press, wafers, seal papers, wax, silk cords, etc. It was presented to the state of South Carolina about 1887 and is kept in the office of the secretary of state.

Ask the professor if he remembers that Minnesota, founded by Americans, is the only state in the Union that has a French motto. The motto was "Des Vindes" (God Maintains). The seal is a handsome silver die about three inches in diameter, bearing an equestrian portrait of Washington (after the statue in Richmond), surrounded with a wreath composed of cotton, tobacco sugar cane, corn, wheat and rice—the principal products of the Confederate states. It cost in England about \$200, with press, wafers, seal papers, wax, silk cords, etc. It was presented to the state of South Carolina about 1887 and is kept in the office of the secretary of state.

Perhaps all smokers do not know that it makes no difference in the flavor of pipe tobacco how many times a pipe goes out. A cigar which is allowed to go out once has its flavor ruined and is most appreciably termed a butt. A pipe, however, tastes, if anything, better for going out.

Pastidious smokers always have at least two pipes at hand and never fill one until it has entirely cooled off. Smoking is a reasonable life in a pipe. A good test by which to tell if you are smoking too fast is to hold the bowl in your hand. If it is too hot to do so, then you may know your speed is too great.

Cured.

"No," said the man in the mackintosh, "my wife doesn't give away any of my old clothes or sell them to the ragman any more. I cured that habit effectually once."

"How was that?" they asked him.

"When I found that she had disposed of a coat I hadn't worn for several weeks, I told her there was a letter in it she had given me to mail the last time I had it on. And that was no lie either," he added with deep satisfaction.—Chicago Tribune.

Evidence to the Contrary.

"I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business."

"Did he take it kindly?"

"He threw me out of his office."—Chicago Record.

Final.

"When do you intend to start for the south?"

"We shall probably leave Tuesday."

"Expect to take the rest of the week with you?"—Chicago Tribune.

The first great fire in an American city occurred at Boston Aug. 8, 1679. By this conflagration 150 buildings were destroyed, the loss amounting to over £200,000.

## THE DEADLY COBRA.

How Venomous Creature Is Handled by Hindoo Snake Charmers.

The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat calmly in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. Kullian talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or the other of them would lower its head, collapse its hood and begin to try to wriggle away. Whereupon Kullian would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic over these cobras or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply due to his method, I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same.

He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and, after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backward and forward for a few minutes, he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently, speaking all the time in the most endearing Hindoostanee terms. The serpents appeared spell-bound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still, with heads uplifted, and seemed rather to enjoy it. Presently his hands would descend down the necks about three inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely around the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that no harm was to be done them, and they made no effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other, and in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.—Cornhill.

## CHILD LOVE.

Two little arms were clinging,  
And a little head was pressed  
(The rose face all hidden)  
Closely against my breast.

"What is it, dear?" I questioned,  
Caresing the golden head,  
Whispering sweetly and softly:  
"I love you!" the darling said.

What had I given to win it—  
This offering pure and sweet?  
A story told in the twilight,  
A merry word when we meet?

Oh, child love, so gladly offered,  
And so sweetly and so true,  
Through life I may find this treasure  
Mine, as it is today!

There are trials to meet and vanquish  
And sorrows to crowd with the years,  
And the heart grows old and weary,  
And eyes fill with old tears.

But the heavy heart grows lighter,  
Half of its grief beguiled,  
When love, with a heaven born impulse,  
Speaks from the lips of a child.

—Home Notes.

## For Those Who Smoke.

The great point in pipe smoking is to learn to smoke slowly. When this habit is acquired, the full flavor of the tobacco will always be enjoyed, every smoke will be a cool one, and tongue burning will be unknown. It is, however, very hard for nervous people to smoke slowly. We know of cases where smokers have tried for a score of years to check their smoking speed without success. They probably did not begin to make the effort early enough in their smoking careers. With good tobacco and a root pipe the slow smoker attains a degree of pleasurable enjoyment in smoking of which the rapid smoker has not an inkling.

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Pastidious smokers always have at least two pipes at hand and never fill one until it has entirely cooled off. Smoking is a reasonable life in a pipe. A good test by which to tell if you are smoking too fast is to hold the bowl in your hand. If it is too hot to do so, then you may know your speed is too great.

## Wheels and Wheels.

The woman who had been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to her friends. "But what pleased me as much as anything," she continued, "was the wonderful clock at Strassburg."

"Oh, how I should love to see it!" gushed the girl in pink. "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine too?"—Kansas City Star.

Remembered Whole Books.

Walter Savage Landor carried his library in his head. When he had read a book, he always gave it away on principle, having, as he said, observed that with such a purpose in his mind he was sure to retain of a book all that was worth keeping. In his old age Landor was so famous for his memory that he was called "the man who could remember any passage of a book or any name or date."

Forever Settled.

She-I tell you the moral superiority of woman is recognized in the language itself. There isn't any feminine for "rascals," is there?

He-Of course not, but that's because—

She-That's because there are no feminine rascals!—Chicago Tribune.

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

She Was Disappointed.

An American girl, writing from Berlin to the New York Tribune, thus expresses her disappointment at the famous "Unter den Linden" street, the glories of which have so often been dilated upon: "The very name breathes a romantic, old world charm, full of suggestions of a sweet peace beneath widespread trees. When I actually saw the gay boulevard, with its shops and hotels and cafes and its two rows of chopped off, stunted little trees down the middle, I should have liked to use a hatchet on one of them that I might have lugged it off as a souvenir of my disappointment. In one way, however, this Unter den Linden is a right royal highway. When the emperor or his family are here, it appears to an outsider as if between them they spent most of their time driving like mad up and down its length. I early learned that if one wanted to get anywhere in season one shouldn't take a bus whose course lay for any distance along this Linden street. The first thing you know you are hauled up and switched off into a side alley, along with every other nearby bus, carriage or truck. The pedestrians stop shop gazing and crowd by the edge of the sidewalk and crane their short necks up and down the avenue. After ten minutes or so of this sort of hiatus there sounds a sudden slashing of whips, a sharp scurrying of wheels and clicking of hoofs. Before you know what is coming a coupe or landau has dashed round the corner, giving a running vision of the royal, befeathered coachman and footman on the box, and whether the bunch of color inside is a red military jacket or a scarlet cape one has no time to see. There is no calm promenade by this reigning household. They drive as if they were an emergency wagon, fire engine and New York Central road breaker, all in one. It makes the kindly prerogative that the royal family has a wide provision for the saving of more plebeian lives and limbs."

Made Him Pay His Bill.

"Defaulters' row" is the rather pointed name given by the tradesmen to a certain locality in Wilschick, Pa., and an undertaker claims to have collected the last of the "defaulters' row" in six months. He had buried the child of one of the "defaulters," but for months he had been unable to bring the debtor to terms.

One day last week he drove up to the house in his hearse, hitched the horse outside and made a strong demand for his pay. He was unsuccessful at the time, only getting the promise of a check in a few days, which he knew meant nothing. No sooner had he driven away than all the neighbors flocked in to see who was dead. No satisfactory explanation could be given, as the debtor did not wish to announce that his child's funeral had not been paid for. Several days later the undertaker again drove up in his hearse. More questions followed, and on Tuesday, just as he was about to make another call with his hearse, the man dropped in and settled.—Philadelphia Record.

Kansas as a Maker of History.

Kansas' inhabitants are among the most active, tolerant and versatile on the globe. They give fads and hobbies of all kinds a hospitable reception. Maine has had prohibition in one shape and another for over 50 years, but Kansas' brief experience with it has attracted far more attention from the country than it won in the half a century in which it has been in operation in the parent state. Just now, through that law, Kansas is contributing to "the gayety of nations." The entire gamut of the human emotions—tragedy, melodrama, burlesque, farce—has been swept by the events in which Kansas has participated.

Across the rugged story of Kansas in the past 45 years have passed as striking and picturesque characters—John Brown, Jim Lane, the guerrilla Quantrell, John J. Ingalls, Mrs. Lease, Jerry Simpson, William A. Pepper, Carrie Nation and General Funston—have figured anywhere in the novels of Dumas, Balzac or Dickens—Leslie's Women.

Philadelphia Wants More Monkeys.

Society has become infatuated with the monkey. Charming girls and staid mesdames who would tremble at the "moor" of a cow do not hesitate to idolize the simian, because it is the newest fad. The demand for monkeys has grown so great in this city that dealers are unable to fill the orders, and prices have jumped twice in two weeks. A prominent dealer who declared yesterday that the demand for the animals was unprecedented said:

"I have sold all I could get. If I had 500 more I could sell them within three hours."—Philadelphia Press.

An Apprentice System.

A dearth of engineers and draftsmen has forced the American Bridge company to adopt a novel scheme for the education of young men for its work. It is the intention to inaugurate an apprentice system with graduated salaries. The company will employ technical branches and supplement the work undertaken in manual training schools. Students graduated from grammar schools will be accepted as apprentices for four years after the probation period of 90 days. Apprentices will be paid \$3.50 a week for the first year, with an increase of \$1 each year thereafter until the apprenticeship is completed. Apprentices will be bound to remain the entire period and if they successfully complete the course will be granted a bonus of 50 cents for each week they have served. Unusually good work may reduce the apprenticeship not more than six months.—Pittsburg Cor. Boston Evening Transcript.

## GRANDMAS OF TODAY

THEY KEEP IN THE RACE WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE END.

The Old Fashioned Grandmother, the One Who Placidly Sat in the Chimney Corner Darning Stockings, Is a Thing of the Past.

I was bemoaning the fact that I had never known my grandmothers. One died before I was born and the other when I was a few months old. I thought it would be so comforting to have a grandmother because they always regarded their grandchildren as being incapable of doing wrong. At least they were sure to multiply one's virtues and minimize faults. Their chief object in life, as I picture them, was to minister to their descendants' comfort, to make the crooked places straight. The grandmother of my fancy would keep my clothes in repair, darn the stockings, knit plenty of wash-rags and silk mittens, surprise me with my favorite dishes, laugh at my jokes and generally submerge her life in the affairs of mine. What was I going to do in return for all this unselfish devotion? I would be her granddaughter. That, according to the old traditions, was quite enough compensation.

I was holding forth, exploiting my views and desires on the grandmother question in the presence of one of those people who delight to take a person down and make him feel cheap, especially if they imagine one is posing as younger than the family album records. This individual spoke up and said: "Why, if your grandmothers were living they would be so aged that they would be mummified. Instead of darning your stockings, knitting your mittens, they would be blind, deaf and imbecile. You would have to tend them with greater slavishness than a mother a newborn babe, and without the sweet recompense in the latter case. When people become imbecile with age, they grow repulsive, and the prolonging of this state is dreadful, while each day the unfolding of a budding life is filled with mysterious delights."

Of course I did not want a grandmother that was deaf, blind and imbecile. I thought I would drop the subject, as it appeared to be getting personal. But my companion continued: "Besides, could it be possible in the order of things for you to have a vigorous, industrious, capable grandmother, she would not be sitting at the chimney corner darning your stockings. She would be out attending to her lodge or club business, visiting the millinery openings, ordering a fashionable gown, playing cards or attending a high tea. The old fashioned grandmother is as much a thing of the past as the spinning wheel, the canalboat, stagecoach, making candles and family rendered soap."

I protested that I did not believe my grandmothers would be of the modern pattern. I had heard my mother tell often of how completely her mother lost her taste for society and outside affairs after she had grandchildren. She had raised a large family, but these reproductions were just as much a delight as had been the originals. She infinitely preferred their society to that of grown people. Their prattle, school experiences, little ambitions, filled her life completely. She was constantly planning surprises for them by making animal cakes, individual pies, candy, aprons, hoods, doll clothes.

"Yes, but if she lived now she would be different. The air she would breathe is filled with assertive germs which declare that every woman owes it to herself to have a career and stand at the helm and steer it to the very end. She must not allow her life to be submerged in that of her own children, as they make their appearance rather unwelcome frequently, but must have outside missions. As soon as her offspring is married off, which is accomplished with as great dispatch as diplomacy can secure, then she is free to carry out pet schemes and natural desires untrammelled."

"Perhaps you are right," I replied. Such a grandmother as this would be no comfort to me as a grandmother, while she might be a most helpful friend, and I could be proud of her position in the literary, artistic or philanthropic world as her tastes might dictate her pursuit.

A grandmother of my acquaintance said to me not long ago: "It would be a great trial to me to have my grandchildren or any children in the house with me now. I could not adapt myself to their demands and interruptions. I have raised my family and now want my time for individual pursuits." This woman has special talents and necessities for using them, and in her case these feelings may not seem unnatural. But this is much the sentiment that possesses the grandmothers of the age who have no special missions or avocations outside the domestic circle. If they have means, they buy handsome gifts for their grandchildren and wish them to have all the advantages possible that do not represent personal self sacrifice or curtailment of freedom of action.

Women are imbued with the spirit of the age, which demands that there shall be no old ladies with caps and shawls who stay at home and guard the fireside, but that they must keep in the race with the young people to the very end.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

Betrayed by His Feet.

Sherlock Holmes—I have not looked around, but a very tall man just came in and sat down in the opera chair behind me.

Miss Marvel—It is true! Say, you do the most wonderful things. Now, tell me how you knew without looking of the tall man's presence.

Sherlock Holmes—His feet are sticking through under my chair.—Ohio State Journal.



## SONOMA VALLEY EXPOSITOR.

FAYETTE MITCHELLE, Editor  
L. R. CAUGHILL, Business Manager

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Single copies five cents.  
Advertising rates will be furnished on application.  
The SONOMA VALLEY EXPOSITOR is issued every Friday and will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.  
Communications on all matters of local interest will be received with pleasure and published at the discretion of the editor. The signature of the writer must invariably accompany all communications, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Address all communications.

SONOMA VALLEY EXPOSITOR,  
Sonoma, California.

FRIDAY, MAY 10 1901

It is now almost a certainty that Sonoma shall have a cannery in the near future. Petaluma and other towns have made an effort to induce the Rose Canning Company to locate with them, but none of these places have the inducements to offer that Sonoma is holding forth, and the prospects are that we shall secure the plum. In coming to Sonoma the proprietors of this canning plant are showing good business judgment. Here they will meet with no competition. They will be able to get all the fruit and vegetables necessary, and our low freight rates will enable them to get their goods to market with a slight expenditure for transportation. The people of the valley are alive to their interests, and they will make all reasonable concessions to the canning company, knowing that they will in return be substantially and permanently benefited.

The effort of any newspaper to build up a town is practically nullified unless it is backed up by the business men of the town. A stranger turns from the news columns of the paper to its advertising columns, and if he fails to find there the business cards of the merchants and professional firms, he comes to the conclusion that the editor is not appreciated; in which case it is a good place to keep clear from. No town ever grew without the active assistance of its papers. Nor can papers grow and build up their localities without the assistance of the town. Business men should realize this and remember that in lending support to their local papers they are not only building up their own business, but are helping to support that which is steadily working for the growth of the town.—Press and Printer.

### Regarding Township Boundaries

Theodore Wagner, who has the endorsement of thirty-four citizens of the new Glen Ellen township for appointment as justice of the peace, appeared before the board Monday morning and talked with them in an informal manner about a petition which is to be later proposed. The petition is for the change of the boundaries of Santa Rosa and Glen Ellen townships, so that the latter will embrace a portion of the former. It is not likely that the matter will be soon brought up.—Press Democrat.

### The Klondyke Story Denied

The Messrs. Anderson indignantly deny the story recently published to the effect that they bought a salted claim and that one of them afterwards contemplated suicide. It is true, they say, that at the time the mine was purchased no one knew that it would yield a fortune to its owners, but as they paid but a few hundred dollars for the claim there was never any cause for despondency, each having made and lost thousands of dollars previously in the wild speculations of the northern gold fields.

### Burglars in Town

On Tuesday night of last week burglars effected an entrance to H. Laux's liquor store and succeeded in getting away with several bottles of wine and other liquors. They entered the building through a rear window. Constable Ohm is at work on the case but up to date has no clew as to who the thieves were.

## Town Talk

Cavanagh's for lumber, Washington street, East Petaluma.

When in Napa buy a bottle of Mertol Dandruff cure of Duprey Pharmacal Co. 20 Main St. Napa.

Ladies attention! Spring opening of stylish millinery at Mrs. F. English Warren's, 852 Main St. Petaluma.

Go to Cavanagh's, 1001 Washington street, East Petaluma, for lumber, house furnishings, etc.

FOR SALE—Incubators, brooders, wire fencing, buildings etc., apply to George Miller, Glen Ellen.

Mr. and Mrs. Malsteadt spent Sunday with the Pochetti family. Otto Von Geldern was a Sunday visitor in Sonoma.

Mrs. Pygeorge and daughter, of San Francisco, spent Sunday at the home of L. Modini.

Miss Louisa Baccala, of Petaluma, visited Sonoma friends on Sunday.

Otto Muser and wife left on Wednesday for Carlsbad, Germany and other European points. They expect to be absent about four months.

Dr. H. Gottenberg was a San Francisco visitor on Tuesday.

Milton McGimsey has accepted a position at the Eldridge Home.

FOR SALE—A good phaeton. Price \$40. Enquire at this office.

W. B. Pless, formerly with the Pless Dredging Co., is spending a few days in Sonoma.

E. H. Prentice, District Freight and Passenger Agent for the Southern Pacific was in town on Monday looking after the interests of that road.

Mr. E. Clark of San Francisco is a guest at the Union. While in Sonoma he is looking about over the valley with a view to purchasing property.

B. A. Temple of Santa Rosa is in town on some business connected with the U. S. Bonded Warehouse.

The first of the series of social hops which are to be given at Union Hall will take place on Saturday evening, May 11th.

Mrs. D. M. Eshbach returned Sunday evening from an extended visit through the Eastern States. She was accorded a reception on Tuesday evening at the home of Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Thompson.

Miss Myrtle Switzer returned to her Sonoma home a few days ago. Miss Switzer has been away for several months visiting friends in Oregon.

Mr. Pacheco, of Ignacio, spent Sunday at the Chase stock farm.

Geo. Estes was up from the City on Sunday, looking after his property and visiting friends.

John Gaffney, of San Francisco, spent Sunday visiting at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Ellen Glynn.

John Stetson visited with Jas. Ruffner on Sunday. Mr. Stetson's home is in San Francisco.

Vernon Goodwin, accompanied by a friend, came down from Santa Rosa to attend the Bacchus club festivities.

R. M. Sims, of San Francisco, was present at Saturday's reunion of the Bacchus Club members.

Chas. Champlain is home on vacation from Berkeley. He expects to leave for Oregon sometime next week.

Thos. Cooper has spent the last few days in town visiting his brother, Granville Harris.

Carl Dresel arrived home from the East Wednesday after an absence of three months.

J. J. Dunbar was a Monday visitor to San Francisco.

Mrs. Dorman spent Monday in the Bay City.

S. Ciucci made a business trip to San Francisco on Tuesday.

Wm. Hansecom, of San Francisco, spent the early days of the week as the guest of Benj. Weed.

Robt. Poppe returned on Wednesday evening's train from a business trip to the metropolis.

## CANNERY PROPOSITION

Is Assuming Definite Shape—It is Probable That the Inducement Offered Will Procure the Cannery for Sonoma

Messrs. Suydam and Rose of the Rose Cannery Company were in Sonoma on Wednesday looking over the field and considering the inducements offered them by the Sonoma Valley Bank and the local Board of Trade. Messrs. Duhring, Howe and Hall, of the committee appointed by the Board of Trade to negotiate with the canning company for the establishment of their plant in Sonoma, showed the visitors the proposed site of the cannery and rendered them a definite offer on behalf of the people of the Sonoma Valley.

Both Mr. Suydam and Mr. Rose expressed themselves as pleased with the prospects and practically accepted the offer. They will submit a definite answer on Monday, and it is believed that a few weeks more will see one of the best canneries of the state in operation here in Sonoma.

## CONTEST ENDS

On Thursday Next at 6 p. m.—Votes Will be Publicly Counted and Prizes Given Away

This is the last issue of the EXPOSITOR before the end of the contest. On Thursday afternoon at six o'clock the polls will close and the voting positively end. Hundreds of subscriptions have come to the EXPOSITOR during the course of the contest; thousands of votes have been cast. It is known that many subscriptions have been promised to the various contestants, and next week shall probably witness many changes. Those who have been interested in the matter should not let their zeal flag. A few subscriptions just at this time may win a valuable prize for the contestant you favor.

The bicycle and the Business College scholarship shall be at the EXPOSITOR office on Thursday and turned over to the winners as soon as the votes are counted. To the winner of the mandolin or guitar, an order will be given on Byron Mauzy and she may select any instrument she chooses to the value of \$25. Remember that all votes must be cast by 6 o'clock Thursday afternoon May 16th. If you come with votes a minute later they will not be counted. The vote is now as follows:

Miss Florence Quartaroli	7983
Miss Gertrude Lane	5035
Miss Mary Chance	5133
Miss Thos Bates	4912
Miss Mable Thomas	4213
Mrs. G. H. Harris	801
Miss Pearl Allen	617
Mrs. Pauli	525
Miss Lulu Johnson	418
Miss Grace Carmer	309
Miss Bessie Ogan	7
Total	20,574

## SATURDAY'S MEETING

Of the Board of Trade—A General Discussion of the Cannery Proposition and Other Matters of Importance

The Board of Trade met on Saturday afternoon, and took up several important matters of business. The cannery proposition was presented by F. T. Duhring, and after some discussion, a committee consisting of Mr. Duhring, Mr. Howe and Mr. Robt. Hall, was appointed to conduct negotiations with Mr. Rose and his associates with a view to the establishment of a cannery in Sonoma.

The Bulletin advertising proposition was discussed at length by at least a half dozen speakers and endorsed by all. Dr. Osborne suggested that the Board meet occasionally at surrounding districts, such as Glen Ellen, El Verano and other places in the valley. The suggestion met with the favor of all the members.

The Board adjourned to meet at the call of the president, the time and place of meeting to be determined by him.

## El Verano Locals

The El Verano Grange will give a dance in the near future.

Mrs. O. W. Nordwell and family are up from the City and will spend the summer on their ranch near town.

Prof. C. T. Wilkenson, of Berkeley, spent several days of the week on his El Verano property.

J. P. Gouailhardou and family of San Francisco visited with P. Gouailhardou on Sunday.

Carpenters and masons are busily engaged in putting the new addition to the Bellevue Hotel.

T. H. Baines purchased a new cart in the City last week. He has also recently purchased a supply of lumber for repairing his property.

Miss Grace Carmer has returned home after spending several weeks at Glen Ellen.

Mrs. Winks and daughter, of San Francisco, have taken a cottage at Bellrose Park for the summer.

Mr. L. H. Whiting paid the Bay City a visit on Friday.

One hundred and fifty people will take dinner at the El Verano Villa next Sunday. They will also visit Capt. Boyes hot sulphur springs.

The Sunday school which, was organized by Mr. Nicholson, was quite largely attended and we hope all the people will join in making it the most interesting one that has ever been in this place.

Mr. A. D. Graham commenced sprinkling the roads the first of this week.

It is expected that many people from San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda and other Bay towns will spend the summer at Bellrose Park. Members of the party that spent last summer at this popular resort have already been up selecting a place to camp during the coming season.

There was a very pleasant party at the El Verano Villa last Sunday evening in honor of Mr. J. Lallement, a wealthy Klondyke merchant, and friend of the Neuraumont family. A large number were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent in dancing, feasting etc. Mr. Lallement returns to the northern gold fields in a few weeks.

The El Verano Grange at its meeting Wednesday night conferred the third and fourth degree on the following candidates: Robt. Howe, Charles Potter, Joseph Potter, Frank Thompson, John Revie, John Wagoner, Mr. Volquartson, John Coops, H. Lanen, Harvey Perkins, Ed. Johansen, James Tate, followed by a Harvest Feast at which quite a number of friends of the order were present.

### Epworth League Social

The May Basket Social given by the Epworth League at the home of Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Thompson was a decided success in every way.

Financially the treasury was enriched by from \$15 to \$18, while the happy faces and peals of merry laughter which went up from lawn and arbor testified better than words, the good time all were having.

Several prizes were given as rewards of merit. Following are the names of the young ladies who entered the Nail Driving Contest: Misses Bertha and Grace McGimsey, Lydia Culbertson, Anita Emparan, Ethel Hunter, Mabel Thomas.

The prize—a pretty stamp receiver—was awarded to Miss Bertha McGimsey. Dr. Rich, R. G. Shoults, Jas. Tate, Guy Weems, Carlos and Raoul Emparan, L. R. Caughell, and F. Mitchell, did the sewing act, hemming a yard of cloth. For speed and excellence, Dr. Rich was given the prize. A neatly framed picture entitled "Song without words."

Mrs. Tate also, won a prize for good guessing and Miss Alice Humphreys the last, for the prettiest basket.

Mrs. Jas. Ahern died this morning at 7:30 o'clock at her home in Tiburon. Deceased was a sister-in-law of Mr. L. H. Green.

## NAPA COUNTY OIL

The local representative of the Hunting Creek Oil Company, a corporation with lands in the famous Berryessa oil fields, has been receiving inquiries daily regarding the company's prospects, and these investigations have led to the disposal of several thousand shares of stock during the past few days.

The generally understood fact that the oil from this district is far more valuable than that from any other field in the state is directing the attention of all investors to the Berryessa Valley.

The Hunting Creek Company have placed thousands of shares of their stock in and about Sonoma, and as the company will soon commence operations on an extensive scale it is confidently believed that the value of the stock will rapidly increase in value.

## Glen Ellen Items

The membership of the Congregational Church was increased by seven at a meeting held last Sunday.

The attendance at the Farmers' Institute held last week was not as large as was anticipated owing to the inclemency of the weather.

The concert hall and reading-room of the Ladies' Aid Society is rapidly nearing completion. A social will be held there next Friday evening.

The whooping cough is prevalent here and quite a number of children are afflicted.

C. Henry, the genial brakeman on the S. F. and North Pacific, has removed to Cloverdale where he has assumed similar duties on the main line. The ladies at this end of the line will miss him.

Mrs. O. Gordenker has returned to Glen Ellen after an absence of several months under medical treatment in San Francisco.

The change of time on the S. F. and N. P. Railway Co., which went into effect April 28th 1901, is a great convenience to the many patrons of the road.

A R. R. picnic will be held in the park May 22nd at which an enjoyable time is predicted for all who attend.

J. G. Cromwell has nearly completed two summer cottages in the Graham Canyon.

The many friends of Mrs. P. McKenna will be sorry to hear of her death which occurred at Santa Rosa last Monday.

### Sonoma Flag for the President

Among the handsome souvenirs that the President of these United States will receive whilst a guest of California will be a silk flag woven from material grown and spun in Sonoma county. The flag is in the possession of Professor Joseph Neumann of San Francisco and he has offered it as a gift to President McKinley.

CASTORIA.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

## FIRE INSURANCE

WRITTEN AT  
THIS OFFICE

## CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

SPECIAL RATES  
TO  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
DURING THE VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNITED STATES.

From all stations  
North of San Rafael

Tickets to San Francisco  
Will be sold at

Half rates  
Or  
One fare for the round trip

On

Tuesday, MAY 14 Wednesday, MAY 15 Thursday, MAY 16 Friday, MAY 17 Saturday, MAY 18

With return limit Monday, May 20th.  
Regular train service.

H. C. WHITING.  
GENERAL MANAGER.

R. X. RYAN.  
GENERAL PASS. AGENT.

\$2.50.

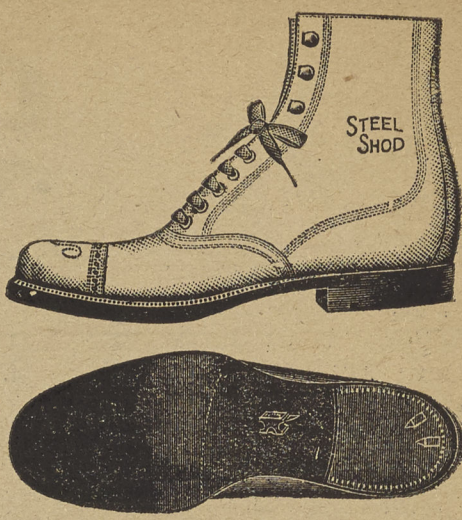
These are without doubt the best shoes made, at \$2.50.

THIS is not our say so, but the verdict of the shoe buying public.

TRY A PAIR.

We carry all styles, sizes and widths.

HEALY  
SHOE STORE  
SANTA ROSA.



# HALE'S

PETALUMA.

### LADIES' TAILORMADE SUITS

We are showing excellent value in Ladies' Tailormade Suits, nicely lined and guarantee a perfect fit. Any alterations needed will be made free of charge by expert tailors. These come in Black, Blue, Gray and Brown. Price \$8.50, \$10.00 and \$12.00.

### LADIES' SUMMER SKIRTS.

Ladies' Linen Crash Skirts 50c and 75c.  
Ladies' Duck or Denim Skirts 75c and \$1.00.  
Ladies' Fancy Trimmed Skirts \$1.00 and \$1.50.  
Ladies' White duck or Pique Skirts \$1.25.

### LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

Pink and Blue Chambray Waists,  
very stylish, worth \$1.00 at 50c each.

McCall Patterns 10 and 15c, none higher.

# HALE BROS. & CO.

PETALUMA, CAL.

### Old Soldier's Experience

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes "My wife was sick for a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 25c at all druggists.

### Fought For His Life

"My father and sister both died of Consumption," writes J. T. Weatherwax, of Wyandotte, Mich., "and I was saved from the same frightful fate only by Dr. King's New Discovery. An attack of Pneumonia left an obstinate cough and very severe lung trouble, which an excellent doctor could not help, but a few months' use of this wonderful medicine made me as well as ever and I gained much in weight." Infallible for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung trouble. Trial bottles free. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists.

### Sunday School Picnic

The Methodist Sunday school will have their annual picnic on Saturday, May 18th. The place will be announced in next week's paper. Everybody invited.

### A GREAT HOSIERY OFFER DIRECT FROM THE MILLS

The old maxim, "The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating," applies as well to the wearing qualities of our hosiery. Once worn and you will wear them always. An exceptional trial offer that every reader of this paper, hold take advantage of to test the remarkable wearing qualities and superior finish of high grade hosiery. We will, on receipt of 25c in silver and the name of your local dealer, send direct to you from the mills, postage paid, a pair of our finest high grade latest style Empire brand ladies' or children's hose, or men's half hose, in black, tan white or the fashionable fancy solid colors, or the latest combination silk embroidered pattern, electric stripes, or silk checking on side, in fancy open work, plain, or drop stitch style, in French tulle thread, knitted, silk finish mace, or cashmere, with full finish elastic top, and our patent reinforced silk and linen built seamless, double sole, toe and heel applied double heel. They save darning and are guaranteed to give three times the wear of any hosiery. The same in children's, with elastic top, double knee, sole, heel and toe, plain or ribbed, fine, medium or heavy quality, guaranteed fast color, and warranted not to crack. The retail value of these hose is 25c per pair. We will not send more than 4 pair of each ladies' or children's to one person. A trial wear of these will convince you of their merits. For 50c we will send, post paid one trial pair of our ladies' fine silk hose, in shades of pink, gold, white, black, blue, cardinal or lavender. This is a special trial offer. If you are not satisfied with them after trial wear we will refund your money. If you are pleased with them and wish more, in suit on your local dealer procuring them for you and insist on him getting our Empire brand hosiery. Write us today, mentioning this paper, as this offer is limited. A beautiful little booklet, telling how our hosiery is made, mailed free to you on request. Address this way.

EMPIRE KNITTING MILLS,  
106 and 108 Fulton St., New York City

HOW TO VOTE

Cut this coupon out, fill in name of whom you want to vote and send to Contest Manager, Exposition Office, Sonoma, California

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Voted By \_\_\_\_\_

GOOD FOR ONE VOTE

THE  
Expositor  
Triple Prize Voting Contest  
COUPON

CASTORIA  
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*



## “GUINDALA”

By REV. E. E. THOMPSON.

Introducing Zantus, son of Elzola—the cripple who sat for alms at the temple gate in Jerusalem. The pauper element leave the city to seek the shelter of the tombs in the valley of Hinnom for the night.

Zantus disguised as a Jew is carried from tomb to the “Gate Beautiful,” by Ben Aaron, an unprincipled Jew, who has been hired for that purpose.

He is heartless and incapable of showing mercy.

“The reader will now leave for a time the scenes described at Elzola’s feast, of its brilliancy and display of wealth and luxury, to gaze upon those directly opposite in character—which transpired during the same period of time—of extreme cruelty, suffering and wretchedness.

It was in Jerusalem, the City of David. The sun was near its going down. Streaks of yellow and gold fringed the clouds in the western sky. Great numbers of people, mounted upon horses, camels and donkeys, or leading those animals laden with heavy burdens, were approaching the Jaffa gate from the north-west through the valley of Gihon. Some were hurrying their steeds along by prodding with goads, others urging theirs by gentle strokes and words. The time drew near for the closing of the gates of the city for the night. Somewhere or fifteen persons clad in rags, with wan, hungry, and expressionless faces, some leaning upon canes and crutches for support, others who were blind being led by children, or crawling upon all fours like quadrupeds, were going in the opposite direction and were in as much of a hurry to get out, as the first-mentioned were to enter.

One man who was distinguishable from the others, principally on the account of his strong, athletic build and healthy appearance, bore upon his shoulders a cripple of the most hopeless type. He seemed but a child in size, yet a careful survey of the features and expression of the face told you that he had seen at least a score and two years of intense suffering and privation. His thin, bony arms clung tightly about the neck of the man who furnished his locomotion, while his legs were thrust far through tattered pantaloons and around the carriers’ waist, revealing limbs bent and crooked below the knees, with dirty and swollen ankles.

But for the decidedly Jewish physique of his apparent benefactor, and the attempt at the Hebrew garb by the impotent man himself, one would have pronounced him a Roman. The hair was a reddish brown, grown long and matted. His cheek bones were high, his nose also high and arched. There seemed little or no fellowship between the two, as no word was exchanged between them as they jostled along, such as the other beggars were having; some of whom really seemed happy and contented.

“Come, come, move on apace! Move up thou!” shouted one of the centurion’s band, who had been sent to eject them before gate-closing—for they were not allowed to remain within the walls to annoy citizens by their pertinent begging for food or night-shelter. Jerusalem, like most large cities, gave itself over to pleasure-seeking from evening until a late hour at night, hence, did not wish to have their enjoyment spoiled by a forced vision of the other side of life, through entreaties for aid, and unwelcome sight of decrepit and scarred humanity.

“Haste! thou Jewish crab,” said one of the soldiers, addressing Ben Aaron, who was bearing the cripple—“or, by the gods, I’ll bleed thee, and take the spoils of thy beggary.”

“I have naught but crust and bone, thou heathen idol-worshipper,” hissed Ben Aaron in reply, facing about as though intent on resenting the insult. Quick as a flash the long Roman spear was brought to a poise, and although the resenter of Roman indignity started on at running pace, he received a thrust just back of the shoulder blade. It was only a flesh-wound, yet the smart and

pain was considerable. He plodded on, out of the Jaffa gate, along the wall to the north for some distance, then made a sharp detour to the right, took a narrow, winding path and began to ascend the hill.

Zantus, looking over his shoulder, had seen the thrust given by the soldier and felt the quivering of Ben Aaron’s flesh as the spear-point was withdrawn. However, he did not venture a remark until he felt the warm blood trickling down over the flesh of his bare limbs.

With a voice full of tenderness and sympathy, yet trembling with timidity and fear, he ventured to speak: “He is cruel, and a wretch to do thee thus, Ben Aaron. Does it pain thee much?”

For a few seconds following the question, the quick, short breathing and the grating of pebbles under Ben Aaron’s heavy sandals, as he slowly ascended, were the only sounds that broke the stillness about them. Then with an outburst of fiendish rage, from between clenched teeth he said: “A wretch! yea, and devil, and deserves to be stoned to death for the deed. Thou art to blame! but for thee, thou cursed heathen dog, I should have escaped this punishment from thy countryman. Thou shalt pay for it!”

A convulsive shudder passed over the frail body of the cripple at the menacing words and tone of the ruffian’s voice. Nothing further was said by either. They had now passed around a rocky knoll called Golgotha by the Jews, and the Skull by the Romans. The name was derivative, for here many executions by stoning and crucifying had taken place. The bodies of the executed were left upon the cross for many days in some instances, then, when stripped of their flesh by vultures, thrown into dark caves or the ravines on either side. The skulls of the poor wretches, not easy to decay and resisting the jaws of the ravenous hyena and jackal, were scattered about, white and bleaching, hence the name of this now never-to-be-forgotten place.

It had taken Ben Aaron some twenty minutes from the time he passed through the gate to climb the hill and cross the ravine that separated it from the place of his abode. Here, beneath the sheltering branches of a large cedar, at the mouth of a yawning cave which ran back into the earth beyond the vision from the outside, they came to a halt. Zantus was covered with blood from the wounded Jew and fearful of rough handling, he clung more tightly than usual about his master’s neck.

“Curse thee,” began the latter, “wouldst thou add to my pain by keeping my mind? Loose thy hold, or thy bones shall feed the beasts ere morn.”

When the poor, unfortunate Zantus released his hold, he was shaken to the ground with no effort on the part of his tormentor to check his fall. It was a fearful crash, and bruised every bone in his body. He started at once crawling upon hands and knees towards the cave. Ben Aaron rushed at him, landing a heavy kick upon his spine, shouting as he did so: “To thy nest, thou Roman jackal, and may thou soul be tormented day and night while thou livest!”

In the far corner of the cave—which had several compartments hewn out of the rock—was the niche that served as the cripple’s bedchamber. It was indeed a “nest,” into which poor Zantus crawled each night of his life, after the day’s work, to suffer from his aching limbs, or some new marks of violence received at the hands of the man who exercised undisputed authority over his charge, and too, with no murmur of complaint or interference from Jewish or Roman authorities.

Zantus crawled along as rapidly as he could towards his bed of cedar boughs and straw; a scanty supply of which barely covered the rough, jagged rocks beneath. Lifting the one dirty blanket allotted him for covering, he crept under it and lay silent and motionless, listening intently to every sound from without, and in mortal terror lest the inhuman monster should follow and still further seek revenge for his recent injury. At length the

opening in the cave darkened and Ben Aaron’s huge form squeezed through the narrow doorway. He walked about the interior, muttering curses against the Romans, and especially the soldier who had dared to jab him with a spear. Going at length to a large chest, he opened it, taking out a flint and a few strips of punk, he proceeded to light them. When the fire was kindled and an earthen lamp lighted, the Jew rose and peered out into the gathering darkness to make sure no one was near, then pulling the curtain over the door he piled some loose rocks upon it at the bottom. This cave, or rather tomb, for such it had been originally—with a small plot of ground it was said, belonged in the ages past, to a wealthy and aristocratic Jewish family, who had built and kept it in careful repair for years as a burial-place for their dead. However, when the Romans began to execute criminals upon Golgotha, and to cast their putrifying bodies unburied into the ravine in front and in close proximity to this once beautiful home of the dead, through superstitious fear it had been abandoned by its owners; whereupon, it became the common property and dwelling place in turn, of thieves and beggars. Many and bloody had been the battles for its possession. Ben Aaron, by reason of his strength and vicious character had no competitor for pretended ownership. More than a score of years before, he and Zantus had taken up their abode there and it had since been their continuous dwelling, with no other home. It was commonly reported among the other paupers who had similar, if less elegant homes, that during the last twenty years, an old gentleman, dressed like a prince, accompanied usually by one or two black slaves, made periodical, midnight visits to this tomb. That after spending some time within, he would mount and ride swiftly away round Golgotha, disappearing towards,—

## CITY TRUSTEES IN EXTRA SESSION

On Tuesday evening the City Council met in special session to receive bids for cutting the plaza grass, and cleaning up the ditches, streets and sidewalks. They had also before them the task of adjusting the city printing tangle. The full Board was present, but the new trustee, Mr. Bulotti, had no part in the proceedings as he has not yet qualified.

Ordinance No. 69 was called up by the chairman and passed by unanimous vote.

Bids for cleaning the ditches of the town were received in the following order:

A Caminata \$32.90; D. Valente \$35.00; L. Gandolfi \$19.50. Mr. Gandolfi’s bid being the lowest, the contract was awarded to him, with the proviso that he furnish a bond in the sum of \$50.00 for the good and faithful discharge of his duty.

The contract for cleaning the grass from plaza walks and streets surrounding was awarded to the same bidder, his bid being \$25.00.

D. Valente was the only one offering a bid for cutting the plaza grass and hauling the same away. He offered to do the work for \$10.00 and was given the job. The question of adjusting the irregularities of the call for bids for doing the city printing was then brought up, but in the absence of an opinion from the city attorney the matter was postponed, the Board adjourning until Wednesday evening, and when on Wednesday evening there was yet no legal opinion, all the bids were withdrawn. The Clerk was instructed to re-advertise for bids, and thus the matter was finally settled. The Board will meet again on Wednesday June 5th and the contracts for doing the city printing will be awarded.

## One Fare for the Round Trip

Everybody in Sonoma and the Sonoma Valley will want to visit San Francisco next week and see the president. For excursion rates of the Cal. Northwestern Railway see that company’s ad. in another column.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS, CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. FITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -  
Aloe -  
Sulphate of Soda -  
Anise Seed -  
Peppermint -  
El Caramelo Soda -  
Warm Seed -  
Clarified Sugar -  
Wedge-shaped Flavour

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of  
J. C. Fitcher  
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old  
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

## RIDPATH HISTORY

The Greatest History of the World Now on Sale at the Exhibitor Office

The announcement made in last week’s EXPOSITOR to the effect that orders for the Ridpath History can be given at this office and that the books will be furnished at a greatly reduced figure has led to many enquiries and a number of sales. It is confidently expected that a few days more will witness the sale of the entire number of sets that we have at our disposal.

Ridpath’s History today is as standard as the Century Dictionary, the Encyclopedia Britannica, or even the greatest of all lexicons, Webster’s Dictionary itself. It has been read with pleasure by men of scholastic training in all parts of the world, and as a work of handy reference on any subject connected with the world’s history, during either ancient or modern times, it is indispensable to any man who has the least leaning towards literary attainment, either from the standpoint of the scholar, or from that of the average well-informed man of affairs, who values his knowledge as an adjunct to any permanent degree of success he may honestly strive to attain in the community that is the scene of his best efforts. The set which the EXPOSITOR is offering to the people of the valley in the present instance is in elegant binding, the illustrations, many of which are in color, are the highest results of the engraver’s art, and the books throughout are printed on the highest quality of enameled paper. It is the library edition of Ridpath’s par excellence, and it is a work that every well-read man or woman in Sonoma will want after they have enjoyed an inspection of the set at this office. A complete set of the work is now on exhibition at this office. Come in and see them and take advantage of the low price and easy terms.

It Saved His Leg  
P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen’s Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it’s the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by all druggists.

## Southern Pacific Excursion Rates

The Southern Pacific Railway Co. are making especially low rates to Eastern points during the Pan-American Exposition. On June 3-4 July 3-4 August 22-23 and Sept. 5-6 the round trip from San Francisco to Buffalo, first-class, with stop-over privileges will be \$86.15.

## Oil Stock

The Hunting Creek Oil Company will dispose of a few shares of its stock in the Sonoma Valley. The prospects for quick profits on stock in this company is unrivaled. Oil is being found every day in the Berryessa Valley and to reap rich rewards, investments should be made now. F. Mitchell is the local representative of the company.

## STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL’S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall’s Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall’s Family Pills are the best.

Shudders at His Past  
“I recall now with horror,” says Mail Carrier Burnett Mann, of Levanna, O., “my three years of suffering from Kidney trouble. I was hardly ever free from dull aches or acute pains in my back. To stoop or lift mail sacks made me groan. I felt tired, worn out, about ready to give up, when I began to use Electric Bitters, but six bottles completely cured me and made me feel like a new man.” They’re unrivaled to regulate Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by all druggists. Only 50 cents.

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P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen’s Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it’s the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by all druggists.

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Due to a weak stomach, an inactive liver, or weakened condition of the kidneys, are greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Barker’s Sarsaparilla—A spring tonic for men, women and child. 100-2 grain quinine pills by mail. 37c. Creme DeLis. 40c. Camelline. 40c. LaBlache face powder. 35c. Castoria. 35c. Sturtevant’s Compound. 75c. Pierce’s Discovery. 75c. Pierce’s Prescription. 75c. Scrub of figs. 35c. Mrs. Plankham’s Compound. 75c. Outlines soap. 20c.

## AT Hitchcock’s Low Price Drug Store

Petaluma, Cal.  
Mrs. Bushby who for the past two weeks has been staying at the Union Hotel returned to San Francisco on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Bushby will probably take up their permanent residence in Sonoma about the first of July.

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G. H. HOTZ, SONOMA, CALIF

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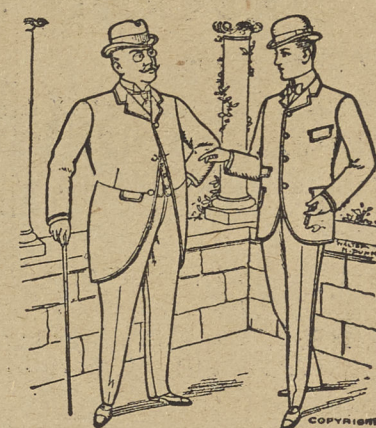
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Petaluma Cal.



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Manufacturer Maccaroni, Vermacilli, & Spaghetti.

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Drugs, Medicines and  
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OUR SPECIALTIES:  
Mertol Dandruff Cure and Celery  
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They can be had from us or any Druggist.

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Proprietor.  
Centrally Located; Newly Refitted; Refurnished  
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Up-to-date Tailors  
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Buggies and Wagons built to order.  
THE McHARVEY SHOP, WEST SIDE OF PLAZA,

**THE UNION**  
Livery and Feed Stable  
GRANVILLE HARRIS, Proprietor.

We can give you as fine turnouts as any in the valley,  
and at very reasonable rates.  
STAGE OFFICE OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

**Union Hotel**  
R. F. WILDE,  
P. J. MULLEN.  
Just Opened

Newly furnished throughout. Electric lights in every  
room. Cuisine and service unexcelled.

**The Leading Hostelry of Sonoma, California.**

**COUNTERFEIT ART.**  
Americans Are Easily Swindled on  
Pictures by "Old Masters."  
There will doubtless never come a  
time in the history of the art world  
when the discovery of "old masters"  
will cease, certainly not as long as  
American picture buyers possess the  
almighty dollar and are willing to be  
swindled.  
Nearly every week in New York for  
the last year there have been auction  
sales of "rare old masters." Some of  
them are rare, indeed; one that was  
shown at the Macbeth gallery and also  
in Detroit some time ago, supposed to  
be a study of an old man by Rubens,  
the left hand of which was nearly  
twice the size of the right, and the  
"frame" did certainly apply very aptly  
to the flesh tints.  
Do people ever stop to think how  
many of these "old masters" there are  
in existence? Any one may have an  
"old master" these days who has the  
"price to pay the dealer to find one or  
go abroad and get one made." There  
are many artists in Paris and else-  
where who make a good living, or  
what they consider a good living, copy-  
ing "old masters" in the various gal-  
eries to sell to dealers for little or  
nothing, and they in turn bring them  
to America and clear hundreds by sell-  
ing them to some moneyed art lover  
who in some cases is doubtless in the  
possession of more money than judg-  
ment in art matters.  
One well known New York art col-  
lector some time ago paid a large sum  
for a certain painting that an enter-  
prising dealer had "discovered" and  
who represented it to him as very rare  
and the only one in existence. The  
same gentleman while on a recent tour  
through Spain was shown the original  
painting upon the walls of a certain  
monastery. The second of the story  
does not say what he did with the  
dealer. If there be a hereafter for these  
discoverers of "old masters," their con-  
sciences, which seem very elastic, will  
have to do a deal of rubbering to get  
back to the required shape to fit them  
for their celestial abiding places or to  
meet the frowns of the shades of de-  
parted masters themselves.—Detroit  
News Tribune.

**A Boasting Epitaph.**  
The following epitaph is to be found  
in Dalkeith churchyard, over the grave  
of Margaret Scott:  
Stop, passenger, until my life you read,  
The living may get knowledge by the dead.  
Five times five years I lived a maiden's life;  
Ten times five years I lived a widow's life;  
Now, weary of this mortal life, I rest.  
Between my cradle and my grave have been  
Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen.  
Four times five years the commonwealth I saw;  
The one subject sold for English ore.  
Twice did I see old prelate pulled down,  
And twice the clock was humbled by the gown.  
An end of Stewart's race I saw; nay, more—  
My native country sold for English ore.  
Such desolations in my life have been:  
I have an end of all perfection seen.  
This lady was born in 1613 and lived  
to the age of 125 and, therefore, must  
have lived through the following list  
of rulers: James I., Charles I., the com-  
monwealth of Oliver Cromwell as pro-  
tector, Charles II., James II., William  
III. and Mary, Anne, George I. and  
George II.—London Chronicle.

**A Friend Collector Snubbed.**  
Collectors of autographs, postcards,  
etc., are not always conscious of the  
importance of their demands, and the  
following anecdote, which comes from  
Trest, gives a striking example of  
their falling and of the humorous way  
in which the intended victim treated  
his tormentor. An Italian painter re-  
ceived a letter in the following terms:  
Dear Sir—I should like to ask you a great favor  
and hope you will excuse the liberty I take. I  
am making a collection of painted postcards and  
should feel myself highly flattered if you would  
kindly send me one, with a little picture painted  
on it by yourself. It will certainly be the most  
treasured card of my collection, as I should be  
able to say that you were one of the first to honor  
me in this way. Hoping to receive one, I beg to  
thank you in advance.  
The artist replied:  
Dear Sir—I should like to ask you a great favor  
and hope you will excuse the liberty I take. I  
am making a collection of thousand franc notes  
and should feel myself highly flattered if you  
would kindly send me one. It will certainly be  
the most highly treasured thousand franc note of  
my collection, as I should be able to say that you  
were one of the first to honor me in this way.  
Hoping to receive one, I beg to thank you in ad-  
vance.

**A Russian Relaxation.**  
"Why, what's become of Tschirga-  
rot?"  
"He'll be back in a moment. He just  
stepped around the corner to kill the  
czar."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Favored Animal.**  
Aunt Hannah: The young married  
woman of today does not know how  
to bring up a child.  
Uncle George: And so she tries it on  
a dog.—Boston Transcript.

**HE CURSED THE TOWN**

END OF THE FIRST CAPITAL OF ILL-  
NOIS PROPHESED BY AN INDIAN.

The Destruction of the Town of Kas-  
kaskia Was in Accordance With  
the Last Words of the Chief Who  
Died For a Woman's Love.

Since the waters of the Mississippi  
river washed away the last vestige of  
Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois,  
an old legend that contained the prophe-  
cy of the total destruction of the once  
flourishing little city has been recalled.  
Kaskaskia was situated on a peninsula  
at the junction of the Kaskaskia and  
the Mississippi rivers, and in 1882 the  
Mississippi river cut its way through  
the peninsula, leaving the remnant of  
the town on an island. The water con-  
tinued to wash away the rich alluvial  
deposits on which Kaskaskia was built,  
until, late in 1900, the last foot of the  
land where the town once stood disap-  
peared. This singular ending of Kas-  
kaskia's once splendid ambitions has  
recalled to the superstitious the story  
that the town was cursed in the eight-  
eenth century by an Indian who had  
been wronged by one of the leading  
citizens.

Jean Benard came to this country  
from France in 1698, bringing with him  
his wife and his 10-year-old daughter  
Marie. The family settled in Kaskas-  
kia, where Benard established a mer-  
chandising business. The Frenchman  
soon became one of the most prosper-  
ous and most influential men of the  
town. His wife, his daughter, grew to be  
a beautiful woman, much courted by  
the most eligible young men of the new  
country. She was in no hurry to ac-  
cept any of them, and her fame as a  
belle spread from Lake Michigan to the  
gulf of Mexico.

A young chief of the Kaskaskia tribe  
of Indians, having become converted  
to Christianity after several years of  
study under the tutelage of the Jesu-  
its, built himself a house in Kaskaskia  
and was taken into partnership in one  
of the trading houses there. He was  
prosperous, handsome and well edu-  
cated and was soon received into the  
homes of the white settlers. One night  
at a ball he happened to meet Marie  
Benard.

The girl was at once fascinated by  
the tall, fine looking Indian, who fell  
in love with her at first sight and made  
no secret of his admiration. But Ben-  
ard never soon noticed the attachment  
and forbade his daughter from commu-  
nicating with the young Indian. To  
make sure that there would be no more  
meetings Benard used his influence to  
prevent the chief from attending any  
of the social entertainments given in  
Kaskaskia.

But love always finds a way, and the  
young couple managed to see each other  
despite all the precautions of the  
girl's father. But Benard became  
aware of these meetings and again  
took means to prevent them. He was  
a man of wealth and influence, and he  
had the Indian forced out of his part-  
nership in the trading company.

The Indian left Kaskaskia. For al-  
most a year nothing was heard of him,  
and Benard thought that his daughter  
had forgotten her lover, for she ap-  
peared gay and careless, and she ac-  
cepted with apparent pleasure the at-  
tentions of a young Frenchman. One  
night when a large ball at Kaskaskia  
was at its height Marie Benard disap-  
peared.

Those who searched for Marie dis-  
covered that the young chief of the  
Kaskaskians had been seen that even-  
ing in the town, and the conclusion was  
at once reached that the girl had eloped  
with him. Benard at once organized a  
party to go in pursuit of the fugitives.  
As there was a heavy snow on the  
ground, their trail was easily discov-  
ered and followed. The Indian and  
Marie had crept away afoot, and as  
their pursuers were supplied with fast  
horses the young lovers were captured  
after a day's chase about 40 miles from  
Kaskaskia. Their destination had been  
the French settlement at St. Louis,  
where the Indian had provided a home  
for his wife.

The Indian surrendered without re-  
sistance, and the posse started on the  
journey back to Kaskaskia, taking the  
two captives. Most of the men who  
composed Benard's party wanted to  
kill the Indian instantly, but Benard  
would not allow it, for he said that  
they should leave him to deal with his  
daughter's lover.

When the party reached Kaskaskia,  
the girl was placed in the convent  
there. Then Benard took the Indian to  
the bank of the Mississippi and,  
binding him tightly to a log, turned  
him adrift in the river. As the help-  
less Indian floated away to his death  
he raised his eyes to heaven and cursed  
Benard, who, he declared, would die  
a violent death. The Indian's last  
words were a prophecy that within  
200 years the waters which were then  
bearing him away would sweep from  
the earth every vestige of the town,  
so that only the name would be left.

The unhappy girl died in the convent.  
Benard was killed in 1712 in a duel.  
The last trace of Kaskaskia has been  
obliterated, and the superstitious de-  
clare that the Indian's curse has had  
something to do with the passing of the  
once flourishing town. On dark and  
stormy nights the ghoul of the Indian  
is said to appear. The specter, with  
strong arms bound and face upturned,  
floats slowly by on the river where the  
stream sweeps by the site of the van-  
ished city in which Marie Benard once  
lived and in which she died mourning  
the red man that she loved.—Chicago  
Inter Ocean.

**He Knew Better.**  
"Oh, John," she cried, "baby's cut a  
tooth!"  
"Aw, go 'way," broke in little Willie,  
who was playing on the floor. "You  
can't cut a tooth! You may break it,  
but you can't cut it!"—Chicago Post.

**To Drive Ants From the Lawn.**  
Fine coal ashes sprinkled about the  
burrows of ants will cause them to  
leave. Ashes may be used on the lawn  
without injury to the grass. Sifted  
ashes are best, but those fresh from  
the stove, shaken from the stove shov-  
el, will answer the purpose very well.—  
Ladies' Home Journal.

The Japanese, although a cleanly  
people, are not fastidious on a journey.  
More than 90 per cent of their passen-  
gers go on third class rates.

**The Plucky Rector.**

Dr. W. S. Rainsford had started a  
mission school in the back rooms of a  
saloon on Avenue A and at one of the  
first sessions found a big ruffian in  
possession, greatly to the discomfort  
of the teacher. Told to go out, the fel-  
low informed Dr. Rainsford with an  
oath that he would see him further  
first. The doctor talked peaceably  
enough to the blackguard, hoping to  
avoid a disturbance, but when he swore  
at him again gave him his own medi-  
cine in a blow that felled him like an  
ox. The fellow arose, dazed and grop-  
ing, to find the doctor standing over  
him, ready to have it out.

"Have you got enough?" he asked.  
The man cried quits and went his way.  
The Sunday school session proceeded.  
A week later there was another fight.  
The rector started in to clear the room,  
persuasion having failed, and found the  
burly ruffian of the previous en-  
counter at his elbow.

"I thought I was in for it," he said,  
telling of it, "and that they had come  
to clean me out. I made sure my back  
was free and turned upon them. Im-  
agine my surprise when I saw my cus-  
tomer of the week before grab the other  
by the neck and rush him to the door."

"Here," he said, firing him out, "the  
rector and I can clean out this saloon!"  
That was the last fight he had.—  
World's Work.

**His Sad Blunder.**

Yes, it was a sad blunder.  
He thought the children were in the  
other room, but it so happened that it  
was occupied by his wife and a lachry-  
mose neighbor. We all know these sen-  
sitive women who weep on the slight-  
est provocation, who begin to snifle  
when they talk of their woes, this nee-  
ding really little more than a bid for  
words of comfort, and this woman was  
one of them. What had happened is  
quite immaterial. Something had been  
said or done that had completely upset  
her, and in her appeal for solace she  
sniffled.

As before remarked, he thought the  
children were in the other room, and  
one of the children had been suffering  
from cold in the head. Of course ev-  
ery one knows how annoying a young-  
ster with a cold in the head can be,  
and he was not in the best of humor  
anyway.

"For heaven's sake, blow your nose!"  
he cried at last.  
Oh, yes; it was a sad blunder, but  
even blunders have their compensa-  
tions. The lachrymose one does not  
come to that house for sympathy as  
she formerly did.—Chicago Post.

**His Titles.**

It was evident in his swagger that he  
was a scion of the British aristocracy,  
and the most casual observer could not  
have failed to note that he was a  
stranger to the city. He touched a well  
dressed, auburn haired young man who  
was loitering in front of a Broadway ho-  
tel on the shoulder.

"Parlon me, me dear man, but could  
I trouble you for a match?" After  
lighting his cigar he continued: "Bah,  
Jove, this is a remarkable city! This  
is me first visit to New York, d'you  
know. I'm a deuced stranger, but on  
the other side I'm a person of impor-  
tance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight  
of the Garter, Knight of the Bath,  
Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of  
the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron  
Cross. D'you mind telling me your  
name, me dear man?"  
Replied he of the auburn hair in a  
deep, rich brogue:  
"Me name is Michael Murphy, night  
before last, night before that, last night,  
tonight and every night—Michael Mur-  
phy."—New York Sun.

**An Abbreviation.**

A colonel of a British regiment in  
South Africa who was repairing a rail-  
road after one of General De Wet's  
many breakages discovered a fine em-  
pty house, which he proceeded to occu-  
py as headquarters.

When the news of the colonel's com-  
fortable quarters reached Bloemfont-  
ein, he received a telegram which  
read:

"G. T. M. wants house."  
The colonel was unable to make out  
what "G. T. M." meant and inquired  
of officers, who translated it "general  
traffic manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he  
can use hieroglyphics, so can I."  
So he wired back:

"G. T. M. can G. T. H."  
Two days later he received a dis-  
patch from Bloemfontein ordering him  
to attend a board of inquiry. On ap-  
pearing in due course he was asked  
what he meant by sending such an in-  
sulting message to a superior officer.

"Insulting?" repeated the colonel in-  
nocently. "It was nothing of the kind."  
"But what do you mean?" demanded  
his superior. "By telling me I can 'G.  
T. H.'?"

"It was simply an abbreviation," re-  
plied the colonel—"G. T. M. (general  
traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the  
house)."

**When Booth Laughed.**

William Mestayer, the comedian, once  
said: "I never saw Edwin Booth laugh  
heartily but once. We were playing  
Julius Caesar at Baldwin's in Frisco.  
Booth was Brutus, McCullough was  
Cassius, Harry Edwards was Caesar  
and Charley Bishop and I were plain,  
everyday citizens. It was the last  
night of the run, and we all felt frisky.  
So when Caesar spoke the well known  
line, 'Let me have men about me that  
are fat,' Bishop and I, both fat men,  
walked boldly up to Caesar and shook  
him heartily by the hand. It broke  
Booth all up, and he laughed outright."

**No Difference Perceptible.**

Jones—Very stupid girl, that Miss  
Wilpin.  
Smith—How so?  
"Why, you see, we were guessing  
conundrums the other evening, and I  
asked her what was the difference be-  
tween myself and a donkey."

"Well?"  
"Well? Why, by Jove, she said she  
didn't know!"  
"Well, as far as that goes, I don't ei-  
ther."—London Answers.

**Hygienic.**

"Your poetry," we ventured, "is emi-  
nently healthy!"  
"It should be!" rejoined the poet,  
with dignity. "I am always extremely  
careful to boil my Pierian spring water  
before drinking, or, rather, quaffing it!"  
—Detroit Journal.

**MOST PEOPLE LOPSIDED.**

**Differences Between the Legs, Eyes  
and Ears of Men and Women.**

The two sides of a person's face are  
never alike. The eyes are out of line  
in two cases out of five, and one eye is  
stronger than the other in seven per-  
cents out of ten. The right ear is also,  
as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in 15 has perfect  
eyes, the largest percentage of defects  
prevailing among fair haired people.  
Short sight is more common in town  
than among country folk, and of all  
people the Germans have the largest  
proportion of shortsighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is the  
one portion of the human body which  
continues to increase with the attain-  
ment of maturity.

The smallest interval of sound can  
be better distinguished with one ear  
than with both. The nails of two  
fingers never grow with the same ra-  
pidity, that of the middle finger grow-  
ing the fastest, while that of the thumb  
grows the slowest.

In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg  
is shorter than the right. The bones  
of an average human male skeleton  
weigh 20 pounds, those of a woman are  
six pounds lighter.

That unruly member, the tongue of  
a woman, is also smaller than that of  
a man, given a man and a woman of  
equal size and weight. It may be ap-  
pealing to reflect, but it is nevertheless  
true, that the muscles of the human  
jaw exert a force of over 500 pounds.

The symmetry which is the sole in-  
telligible ground for our idea of beauty,  
the proportion between the upper and  
lower half of the human body, exists  
in nearly all males, but is never found  
in the female. American limbs are  
more symmetrical than those of any  
other people. The rocking chair, ac-  
cording to an English scientist, is re-  
sponsible for the exercise which in-  
creases the beauty of the lower limbs.  
The push which the toes give to keep  
the chair in motion, repeated and re-  
peated, makes the instep high, the calf  
round and full, and it makes the ankle  
delicate and slender.—Exchange.

**Short and Sour.**

There had been a small bank failure,  
and the bank had gone into the hands  
of a receiver. The receiver had proved  
to be dishonest and had absconded  
with what remained of the funds of  
the institution. Expert detectives,  
however, were on his track, and he was  
run to earth in a mountain town and  
taken back to the scene of his financial  
exploits.

It was after midnight when the de-  
tectives arrived with their prisoner,  
and Mr. Means, the principal deposi-  
tor in the bank and therefore the prin-  
cipal loser, was awakened at his home  
and informed by telephone of the cap-  
ture.

He expressed his gratification and  
went back to bed.

Shortly afterward he was aroused to  
receive another telephone message to  
the same effect from a different source.  
"Thanks," he said, "but I had heard  
of it already. Good night!"

And again he sought his couch.

About 2 o'clock he was awakened a  
third time. The telephone bell was  
ringing.

In no gentle frame of mind he an-  
swered it.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" responded a voice through  
the telephone. "Is this Mr. Means?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Mr. Means, this is Deputy Sheriff  
Jones. We've caught that runaway re-  
ceiver. Is there anything you'd like to  
have me do personally in the matter?"

"Yes!" roared Mr. Means. "Hang up  
the receiver!"

And he was not disturbed again.—  
Youth's Companion.

**Mark Twain and the Serpent's Tooth.**

Mark Twain's daughter, Miss Clara  
L. Clemens, in entering upon her career  
as a concert singer, had a long con-  
ference with a manager. Many mat-  
ters were discussed, plans made and  
details settled. Miss Clemens dictating  
her own ideas. The young singer, who  
had experienced considerable difficulty  
in obtaining parental consent to a pub-  
lic career, showed her earnestness by  
the businesslike manner in which she  
looked into affairs.

When matters had been fully consid-  
ered and the manager was about to  
leave, Miss Clemens said, with the  
large determination that small bodies  
not infrequently possess:

"I wish it distinctly understood that  
my father's name is not to be men-  
tioned at all in connection with my  
singing in public."

Mark Twain, who had been sitting  
in the room during the interview, in  
which, however, he had taken no part,  
looked up quizzically and said, with  
a twinkle in his eyes:

"You see what it is to have a thank-  
less child."—Saturday Evening Post.

**Did They?**

There is nothing much more dis-  
tressing than an unfinished story. A  
number of people in a London drawing  
room were conversing about capital  
punishment when a lady remarked:  
"How strange it must seem to be  
sentenced to death!"

"Not so very, very strange, I assure  
you. I was myself once condemned  
to death in Africa," said a returned  
African explorer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady. "And  
were you—did they?"

"Did they what, madame?"

"Why, did they execute you, you  
know?"—Exchange.

**Antiquity of Man.**

From a review in Science of De Mor-  
tillet's great work on prehistoric times  
the following is condensed. Twelve  
chapters are devoted to the question of  
tertiary man. It is concluded that  
while man did not exist during this  
period, precursors of man more intelli-  
gent than any of the living anthropoids  
did exist.

Pithecanthropus erectus is considered  
as the immediate precursor of man.  
The Calaveras skull is rejected. The  
paleolithic period is considered as cor-  
responding to the early quaternary,  
and 222,000 years is assigned as the  
length of this period. Add to this num-  
ber 10,000 years for the protohistoric  
and neolithic periods and 9,000 years  
more for the historic period, and we  
have 238,000 years, which is, according  
to the authors, a moderate estimate of  
man's antiquity.